

# Mother Dearest

**Story:** Mother Dearest

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**Summary:** A short fic in Piers' POV about what went through his head when he found out his mother was dead. Yes, the summary bites!

# **\*Chapter 1\*: Mother Dearest**

## Author's Notes

Peacenikky: Hey! Yes, I'm wasting time posting yet another one-shot when I should be working on "Through the Sands of Time," but I just felt this burst of inspiration. See, I just got to the part in The Lost World where Piers finds out his mother is dead and runs off. I wanted to write a fic based on what goes through his head during that time.

Judi: Yeah, so if any of y'all have a problem with that, tough! We're still working on it!

Peacenikky: ^^; What my yami's trying to say is for you guys who are waiting for us to rewrite that chapter to please be patient, and we'll try to get Sands updated as soon as we can!

Leanna: Yes, Beck and I are horrible little demons, making them work on other projects while their Yu-Gi-Oh! fans suffer in waiting..... \*mischievous grin\*

Judi: So with that said and done, let's start the show!

Disclaimer: I do not own Golden Sun or The Lost Age. I would like to own a certain pony tailed Venus adept, however...

"She rests in the cemetery now. Check the headstones..... You will find her." I felt the blood drain from my face with my uncle's words. It couldn't be true..... It just couldn't! Mother can't be gone.....

I backed up, vaguely noticing the looks of surprise and sympathy on my friends' faces before I turned and ran out

the door. I think Jenna tried to follow me, but Felix must have held her back. She also knew the pain of losing her mother, but I never dreamed the same tragedy would strike me. I sprinted through the city faster than I ever have, not seeing or caring about anyone I might have run into along the way.

I slowed down and finally stopped when I reached the cemetery gates. As if pulled by some outside force, I entered, remembering how I used to play here when I was younger. Back then, the concept of death was so inconceivable to me, a ridiculous notion in a city where its residents lived for centuries. My hand brushed against a few of the gravestones as I walked, their surfaces cold and forbidding. I finally reached a grave with a bluebell stalk carved on it--Mother's favorite flower. Someone, probably Uncle, had set a small bouquet of them on the grave, their color slightly faded. Holding my breath, I ran my fingers along the headstone's inscription: In Loving Memory: Sakura Aquarae. Mother.

A white-hot lance of pain shot through my heart as I fell to my knees. It wasn't all some nightmare or sadistic joke. It was true. Mother really was gone forever. The tears that had been welling up in my eyes began to run down my cheeks, first a few drops, then a river of them. I wept as I rested my hand on the headstone. "Mother, I'm so sorry I couldn't be here for you... This is all my fault. If I hadn't left you and Uncle like that, you'd have never fallen ill." Sobs wracked my body as I kneeled there, a mixture of grief and guilt slowly and painfully devouring me.

Mother had always been so kind and gentle. Her heart prevented her from really playing all the games I liked, Tag, Wolves and Geese, Find the Treasure, but she still managed to captivate me with legends of the world outside Lemuria

and the wonders it held. I gasped, realizing those stories were what sparked a frail yet burning desire to see those monuments and landmarks. The other ones my age never understood my enthusiasm, but the adults seemed to share my wish of leaving Lemuria behind in search of adventure. Mother also encouraged my dream. I suppose she wanted me to act on the passion and excitement over something she never really felt. "Those simple, innocent stories....." I whispered. "Who would have ever imagined they would eventually cause you so much grief?"

Then again, maybe that was really what she wanted for me... I had sometimes heard her and Uncle whispering about a journey and my destiny late at night, when I was supposed to be fast asleep. Mother always changed the subject when I asked about it, but there was a distant look of longing in her eyes each time. She must have known I'd eventually leave her for lands unknown. I just wish it hadn't done this to her, or at least that I hadn't left so abruptly without giving us a chance to say goodbye.

"Uncle said you probably gave yourself up to make sure I'd make it back home safely, Mother." I said. "You didn't have to do something like that for me. A wandering boy like me didn't deserve your life so he'd return here in one piece....." I closed my eyes, remembering all too clearly the enthusiasm and vigor behind my wishes to see more of the world around me before returning to Lemuria. My fists clenched in disgust at myself. While I was off having adventures, Mother was waiting, hoping, praying, sacrificing herself for my return. "Why did you have to do this to yourself?" I asked, half expecting an answer I knew I'd never receive.

Another memory came to me, when we were in Champa for the first time. Alex had told us that Babi, the ruler of Tolbi, had finally died of old age. I always felt an intense dislike for

that man. He was too curious about things that were supposed to be left alone. He coveted the longevity we saw as a minor nuisance after so many years passed, eventually stealing our ability to travel outside the city. The worst part, however, was the looks he gave Mother that made her look away in shame and embarrassment while Uncle struggled not to draw his sword then and there. I smiled bitterly, knowing that at least Babi would never be able to torment her like that again. And now, she was probably in a much better place far away from wherever he ended up.

My tears had run out a while ago, leaving a deep ache in my heart in their stead. I reflected on what I had just thought. Mother was in a far better place now, much better than Lemuria could have possibly been, even in all its glory. She would probably be able to see me and know I was safe now, giving her the rest she had been denied all these months. I closed my eyes again, whispering a prayer for her luck and safety in the next world before I let my hand slip from the headstone.

I sat there for a while, half meditating, half remembering. I still felt pain at her loss, and I probably always would. But somehow, my spirits seemed slightly lighter than they were when I first heard the news. I slowly stood up, brushing away any tears that still remained on my face. I took a deep breath and looked at the sky. "Farewell, Mother. Take care." I said quietly as I began to leave the cemetery and make my way toward King Hydros' castle.

### Author's Notes

Peacenikky: Well, there you go. One fic on what Piers was thinking when his uncle told him his mother had died. So, how much did I botch it?

Judi: You're too modest, hikari. It's not THAT bad..... I'd say it falls somewhere between MST-able and regular mediocrity.

Peacenikky: Why you--

Once again, the two start fighting.

Peacenikky: You're supposed to be on my side, Judi!

Judi: Yeah, where's the fun in that?

Rebecca: Well, seeing as the Authoresses are a little busy right now, I'll finish this off. Peace, love, and marshmallow bunnies, everyone! Bye!